

JOANNE L. DETORE

Tanka Series

Mother and Daughter Estrangement

I

Your room waits for you—
bed made, desk cleaned, floor tidy.
A closet full of clothes
abandoned along with me,
estranged mother and daughter.

II

My beautiful girl
running into my arms at
full speed, I hold you
tightly, cheek-to-cheek, eyes closed.
Only a memory now.

III

Where did my girl go?
Blonde curls bouncing behind you
skipping happily through life
until the teen years found you
trudging into adulthood.

IV

Pain worms a hole in
your heart, deeper and wider
like tendrils snaking
into your mind, winding round
your brain squeezing out sunshine,
steals hope, deposits darkness.

V

Outstretched hands offer
to pull you from that dark edge
precipice of your despair
take them, let me enfold you
into love, never ending.